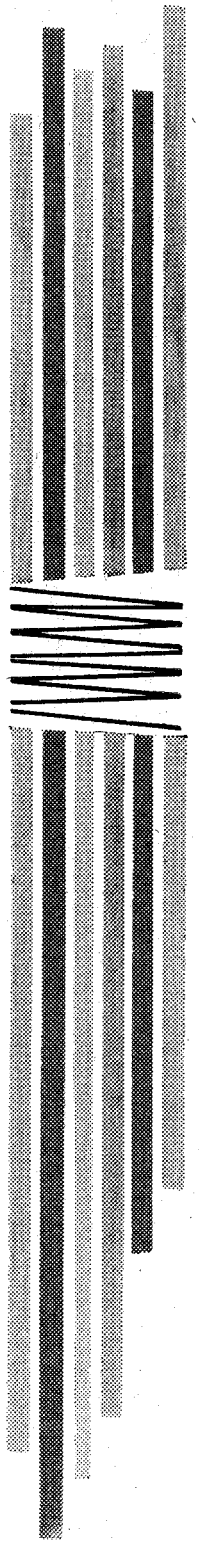
NEGRO WRITERS CONFERENCE: Kenneth Rexroth

THE NATION

September 7, 1964 . . 35c



Agony of the Negro Leader

Everett C. Ladd, Jr.

Goldwater at the Grass Roots

THE NEW, NEW GUARD

Virginia E. Lewis
Hansi Chambers

Existential Shakespeare

Oswald LeWinter

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LETTERS

On 'Defeat in Harlem'

New York City

Dear Sirs: I would like to correct a few statements in what was otherwise an excellent article in your July 27 issue—"Defeat in Harlem," by an outstanding reporter, Woody Klein. The statements involved my brief role as a mediator in the HARYOU-ACT conflict.

It was inaccurate, for instance, to say that a request was made of Dr. Clark to discontinue airing charges and countercharges in the public press, and that no such request was made of Rep. Adam Powell. There was a request made via cablegram to Mr. Powell, who was then out of the country, as well as to his immediate representatives here; and, as was true in the case of Dr. Clark, these requests were honored.

My intervention was at the request of the Mayor, with the concurrence of both sides in the dispute, and was focused solely on trying to work out a plan which would prevent the complete cutting off of all funds within a matter of days, should there not have developed some understanding between the affected parties. Contrary to what was reported in your article, the report which we submitted clearly and strongly condemned any political influence in the program, and specifically stated that no person representing the political interests of any individual should be selected as an officer or a staff member, but that these interests should be represented on the overall board. Subsequent action, therefore, was at variance with our specific recommendation.

Furthermore, Dr. Clark's resignation had been written and announced to several members of the board prior to our intervention as mediators, and it had been his stated intention from the very beginning to resign once the project got under way. This, therefore, did not result from any actions of our mediation progress. In fact, Dr. Clark graciously agreed to withhold the submission of his resignation so as not to create the impression as suggested in the article.

The statement that it was understandable that any Congressman would naturally have an interest in this program is accurate, and I think realistic, and one that everyone, including Dr. Clark, accepted; but to infer that this interest should extend to the right of political control is erroneous.

I write this not only to set the record straight, but to make clear my long-time and continuing deep respect and admiration for Dr. Clark and the significant contribution which he has made to this effort in producing a magnificent study which not only serves the Harlem community, but might well serve as a guide for other communities around the country.

Whitney M. Young, Jr.
Executive Director
National Urban League

A very old herring

Rockville Centre, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Those who saw in the Stewart Alsop-J. Edgar Hoover-incited flurry about "Red" infiltration in the civil rights movement an attempt to defeat the civil rights bill itself were diverted from the point. Like the filibuster itself, which had no hope of winning, but was a successful effort to prevent a stronger and more meaningful piece of legislation, the Hoover-Alsop idea was to put a curb on the more militant forces in the movement. . . .

The investigators didn't dig deeply enough into the causes of Negro revolt. The evidence was there for all to see half a century ago:

Negro Trouble Caused by Hun Propaganda—the *New York Herald*, December 5, 1917

Sees Plot of Foes to Rouse Negroes—*The World* (New York), December 5, 1917

Germans Are Behind Negro Complaints—*Newport News Daily Press*, December 5, 1917

Negro Agitation Laid to Germans—*Christian Science Monitor*, February 19, 1918

Howard N. Meyer

Important contest

Waban, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Your readers will be interested in a significant political contest in Massachusetts. Noel Day of Boston is Independent candidate for U. S. Congress, 9th Congressional District. Mr. Day's Democratic opponent is John W. McCormack, the Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives and next in line of succession to the Presidency of the United States. The Republican candidate is one of the leaders of the Goldwater movement in Massachusetts.

Mr. Day is a nationally known civil rights leader and is particularly active in SNCC and NSM. He founded the first Freedom Schools for Negro and white school children in connection with the Boston school stay-outs of June, 1963, and February, 1964. He is co-chairman of the Massachusetts Freedom Movement. A Dartmouth graduate and a trained social worker, he is Executive Director of St. Mark Social Center, a Roxbury settlement house.

Mr. Day's campaign explicitly connects peace with the issues of racial justice and unemployment.

Financial contributions will be gratefully accepted. They should be sent to Noel Day for Congress Committee, 727 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Jerome Grossman

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A Clear Choice

By capturing control of the Republican Party, Senator Goldwater and his merry buccaneers have succeeded, as we suggested they might, in providing the American electorate with a choice, not an echo. It is not, as some liberals are saying, a choice of the lesser evil. These liberals find a campaign between a hero of the radical Right and a centrist Democrat so frustrating that they lose sight of the political realities of the present and the possibilities of change in the future. Basic realignment is not an issue in current American politics, and the noise and fustian of the campaign may make it appear that the movement, if any, is to the Right. And this may not be entirely an appearance: Johnson may try, as he did in the Tonkin Gulf incident, to counter Goldwater's attacks by showing he is tough too. Yet one need cite only a few of the issues that will be fought over to show that the voters will face significant operational alternatives.

Johnson's record with the 88th Congress makes it possible for him to run on that record: the affair in the Rose Garden was not all hoopla. The voters are offered a choice in terms of actual achievements versus the whimsical-to-sinister suggestions of Goldwater. Some of these achievements, like the nuclear test ban, go back to Kennedy, but Johnson is entitled to a share of the credit. So, in some cases—civil rights, for instance—are certain Republicans entitled to credit. But in precious few of them can Goldwater point to himself with the politician's pride. Very little that is humane, progressive, sober or rational has come out of him, and for the simplest of reasons: it isn't there.

The platforms add up to the same conclusion. William H. Stringer finds that the Democratic platform presents "a startlingly wide divergence in policy and philosophy between the Republican and Democratic positions." He sees a clear choice on almost every issue —economic prosperity, the use of nuclear weapons, the value of governmental, i. e., federal, action in domestic problems, and Washington's attitude toward the Soviet Union. On nuclear weapons alone any sensible voter will prefer Johnson to a thinly disguised jingo like Goldwater.

Tied in with the choice between the men and the platforms is the opportunity to purge American democracy of the Birchite poison. Even if Goldwater, in defeat, remains in control of the Republican Party, some of the venom will be drawn.

On this account, and on others, it is important that Johnson should win a smashing victory. In *The Wall Street Journal* of August 25, Alan L. Otten has a long analysis of what a victory of great dimensions would do for Johnson. Otten did not dredge this up from his own inner consciousness; he talked with dozens of men who have worked with Johnson for years, and the conclusions are convincing. Above all, Johnson is a politician, and the first rule in politics, for one of liberal bent, is not to get too far ahead of the voters. By the same all-powerful signal, if the voters take off, the politician takes off in the same direction. A close win would make Johnson a smaller man, a big one would enlarge him. Johnson loved and admired Franklin D. Roosevelt. He would like to be remembered as that kind of President. He lacks some of the qualities, but by no means all of them. If luck and the voters are decisively with him, the rest of the decade might bring some pleasant developments.

Deeper and Deeper

Now that the guns of Tonkin are stilled, everyone agrees that President Johnson's popularity rating went up. But the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese are not affected in the slightest by the President's popularity and the Congress rallying around the flag: that's all 9,000 miles away. On the scene, things are worse than ever from the American standpoint. As Gen. S. L. A. Marshall points out, cruisers are of no use in jungles, and shooting up some North Vietnamese shore bases cannot change the course of the war. The Vietcong, who were already doing quite well, are now very likely to do still better. They are getting increased assistance from the North, and not only more, but the quality has been upgraded. Most of the Vietcong are indigenous rebels; a certain number of them may have been trained in Ho Chi Minh's army, but that was the only time they were north of the 17th parallel. Now, however, Hanoi is said to be sending down Vietnamese who have lived in the North all their lives, with officers who are veterans of the victorious war with France. These invaders are probably still far fewer in number than our 20,000 "advisers" with the South Vietnamese forces; nevertheless, where our troubles were formerly mostly in the Mekong Delta, now some five Vietcong battalions are reported to be operating in the central highlands. It is not the same old tiresome war, as some correspondents have been assuring their editors back home. It is something much worse, and the end is not yet.

Still, if our problems were only military, we might manage to hang on, or even improve our position temporarily. But if there is anything about this war on which soldiers, politicians, journalists, South Vietnamese and North Vietnamese all agree, it is that this is predominantly a political war. Consider, then, the recent fortunes of General-Premier-President Nguyen Khanh, whom the United States has pictured as God's gift to South Vietnam since he seized power last January. After the great U.S. naval victory in the Tonkin Gulf, Khanh, like his late predecessor Ngo Dinh Diem, declared a state of emergency throughout South

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Vietnam. There would be censorship; stringent controls over travel, food and frivolity (unless one had money); no more nonsense about search warrants; and drumhead courts-martial without appeal from the death sentence for traitors and saboteurs, i.e., enemies of the regime.

What was the result? The students rose against the dictator. They rioted and demolished the offices of the Saigon broadcasting station. Khanh backed down. It may have been out of the kindness of his heart, but it will be widely assumed that he just didn't have control of the police. If he has lost the police, he may next lose the army.

Khanh is our boy. He was Henry Cabot Lodge's protégé; he is now Maxwell Taylor's protégé. The people know it. For the first time, the riots took on anti-American tones. Probably this warning, like preceding ones, will not be heeded. Our latest scheme is to "share" command of troops with the South Vietnamese. There is no such thing as sharing command in combat. We shall be taking over command. Then, as our woes continue, only one recourse will be left—getting ourselves fully engaged in a full-scale war on the Asian continent. At the end of a long line of them, that would be the culminating folly.

Negotiate Now!

There are signs that the Johnson Administration would like to draw back from the brink in Vietnam. A 45-page CIA paper arguing that we could not win the war was appraised by the agency's Board of National Estimates and approved in general terms. With this imprimatur, in some way it fell into the hands of the *Chicago Tribune*. Instead of maintaining discreet silence, the Administration released the document, emphasizing that it did not embody official policy. None the less the circumstances remind one of Byron's heroine who, "vowing she would ne'er consent, consented."

But it would never do to consent before the election, would it? Well, it might. What the Administration hopes is that the line can be held until Mr. Johnson is assured of another four years in the White House; then perhaps we can bargain. In the meantime a few victories would help our bargaining position. The trouble is that not victories but more defeats are in prospect. The basic weakness in the situation, as *The Nation* has emphasized time and again in the past three years, is simply that most of the South Vietnamese army does not want to fight. The peasants not only do not want to fight, but most of them side with the Vietcong, and most of the Vietcong forces are composed of embattled peasants. Under these conditions, and in view of the deteriorating state of the Khanh regime and the strife between the Catholics (most of whom probably favor a continuation of the war) and the Buddhist majority, the Johnson Administration may have nothing to say as to when and how the conference table is to be approached. We might have to sit down as losers.

There are certainly perils for Mr. Johnson in negotiations. That great patriot, Senator Goldwater, will make the most of any concessions the U.S. is forced to yield. Nothing will satisfy the Senator except total victory, especially when it is unobtainable and his opponent can be blamed. But then, it is a bad business either way, and Mr. Johnson can point out that neither he nor John Fitzgerald Kennedy got the U.S. into this footless war. It was started under the administration of General Eisenhower. Mr. Johnson might also bear in mind that no American President has ever been scalped for ending a war. General Eisenhower ended the stalemated Korean War, on terms somewhat like those which are still obtainable in Vietnam, and received only praise and thanks from the American public.

In Paris, on August 18, the President's special envoy, Mr. Lodge, indicated that Washington has renounced the idea of a military solution in Vietnam. We are not a paper tiger, he emphasized, and have the means to escalate the war, but . . . . This partial *démarche* brings us within hailing distance of President de Gaulle's often reiterated position that the war in Southeast Asia cannot be won by the West, and the neutralization of the peninsula should be discussed with the North Vietnamese and Chinese. Mr. Lodge speaks flawless French. Let him suggest to Mr. Johnson that it might be wise to desist from trying to collect bandages and petroleum jelly from the Scandinavians, return to Paris, and see what can be done to save face and get ourselves out of this mess.

End of the Beginning

Never in their rosiest dreams could the impoverished Mississippi farmer or housemaid or aged pensioner, signing up last summer for the Freedom Democratic Party, have guessed that the new party's challenge to the regulars would dominate American television screens for four days. Never could the 19-year-old student volunteer, trudging from shack to shack and farm to farm, cursed and threatened by Mississippi whites, have imagined that what he was doing on his summer vacation would cause urgent telephone consultations between President Johnson and Senator Humphrey, as well as all-night sessions of the Credentials Committee at Atlantic City. Even Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., the new party's eloquent advocate, and Ella Baker, long-time civil rights fighter and keynote speaker at the Freedom Party's state convention, must have been amazed. In less than four months, the MFDP moved from nonexistence to become the catalyst for a potentially significant realignment in national politics. If its delegates were not seated but only granted the status of honored guests, with two named delegates-at-large, it was still a triumph, the more so because the Jim Crow delegation had departed. A triumph for the young—like SNCC Secretary Ivanhoe Donaldson, who barely escaped being shot by a white man earlier this year—and the incomparable Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer, former plantation worker (see *The Nation*, June 1, 1964, p. 548), telling the dele-

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gates and a vast television audience her long, terrible story. The Mississippi regulars insisted that the Freedom Party was illegal; others, less biased, called it "extra-legal." Rep. Edith Green was closest to the truth when she pointed out that if the MFDP was not legal, neither was the traditional party. Negroes constitute over 40 per cent of Mississippi's population, but not a single one attended the regular state convention, thanks to a policy of systematic exclusion at the precinct and county level—not to mention the barriers set up to prevent Negroes from registering and voting. The fact is that the MFDP made intensive efforts to comply with state procedures at every level and did succeed in holding precinct meetings in twenty-six of Mississippi's eighty-two counties, and county conventions in at least thirty-five of them. As to the difficulties they faced, suffice it to say that the MFDP's Executive Committee Chairman, Lawrence Guyot, was conveniently jailed for thirty days just before the Atlantic City convention on a charge dating back to a voter registration demonstration last January. There is good reason to believe, moreover, that the MFDP scored more than a television triumph and a moral victory at Atlantic City. The special committee set up under the Credential Committee's resolution to insure that Mississippi voters will have an opportunity in the future to participate fully in Democratic Party activities, without regard to race or color, offers assurance and hope that the Democratic Party has at long last cut its ties with the Jim Crow South.

Trial by Press Release

Unnoticed by the press, an interesting document has come to our attention which throws a revealing light on a significant episode of Robert Kennedy's tenure as Attorney General. It is an inter-office memo from Henry Suydam of the Washington Bureau of *Life*, dated March 6, 1961, and addressed to E.K. Thompson, managing editor. The memo appears as part of the presentation which Sidney Zagri, legislative counsel for the Teamsters, made to the Platform Committee of the Republican National Convention. In the memo, Suydam reports that Mr. Kennedy had hurriedly summoned him to a hush-hush conference in the Attorney General's office. There Suydam was told that Sam Baron, former Field Director of the Warehouse Division of the Teamsters, was about to break with the union but had been advised by Mr. Kennedy to make his break in the form of an article in *Life*. Suydam spoke with Baron and, in the memo, notes that "the exposé stuff sounds interesting, but to me at least, pretty undocumentable and therefore probably very libelous." But this warning did not deter *Life*. Baron's story—as told to a skillful staff writer—appeared in *Life*, July 20, 1962, carefully timed to help establish a climate of opinion highly unfavorable to Hoffa who was scheduled to go on trial in Nashville in the early fall of the same year.

The document is important because it establishes beyond question Mr. Kennedy's personal involvement in the invidious practice of "trial by press release." But it is merely part of a larger pattern of events for which he must be held accountable. On June 17, 1963, Senator Wayne Morse placed in the *Congressional Record* (pp. 12245 *et seq.*) a series of press releases that had been issued by the Department of Justice, each of which was clearly designed to prejudice public opinion against Hoffa, against whom various criminal proceedings were pending. More recently, as Hoffa was about to go on trial in Chicago, *Look* (May 19, 1964) blossomed forth with a sensational piece entitled "The Plot to Assassinate Robert Kennedy" as told to Clark R. Mollenhoff, by Edward Grady Partin. This was followed by an equally sensational piece about Partin's revelations, which appeared in *Life* (May 15, 1964). As to the truth of the story Partin told, and on his background and general credibility, readers need only consult Fred J. Cook's "The Hoffa Trial" (*The Nation*, April 27, 1964) which was recently characterized by Philip B. Kurland, professor of law, University of Chicago, as "accurate and responsible reporting from the record." In effect the *Life* and *Look* articles, which were clearly instigated by the Department of Justice, were attempts to instruct the jury of public opinion to convict Hoffa regardless of the character of the evidence to be presented against him in the courtroom.

The question at issue, as we have insisted in the past, is not whether Hoffa is saint or sinner, a good or an evil influence, guilty or innocent, but rather whether he is entitled to a fair trial. This question turns on a larger issue, namely, the growing practice of zealous prosecutors of relying not on evidence but on publicity to convict defendants they happen to dislike. Canon 20 of the Legal Canon of Ethics, American Bar Association, strongly condemns the practice of issuing press statements of a character likely to interfere with the trial of a pending case. As an article by Gerard Stern (*Syracuse Law Review*, Spring, 1963) points out, the greatest source of prejudicial information appearing in the press against defendants in criminal proceedings stems from the police and from prosecutors. This is a very dangerous practice and should be stopped.

The Store of Wisdom

Two great and good Americans are dead: William Hammatt Davis and Edmond Cahn. Chairman of the War Labor Board, W. H. Davis was not merely this country's outstanding authority on labor mediation and arbitration; most of the other real experts in this field are either his protégés or were so deeply influenced by his thinking as to be counted his disciples. Edmond Cahn, of the New York University Law School, was a legal scholar of great distinction, who wrote with rare insight on the relation between law and morals, and who succeeded in illuminating the spirit and intention of the First Amendment—what it means, what it *should* mean—with extraordinary clarity and eloquence. The store of human wisdom,

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never great, has been diminished by the death of these remarkable men, both of whom were patient and kindly advisers to the editors. Wisdom defies definition, but both of these men possessed it—in abundance. Some of Mr. Davis' sayings, of a deceptive simplicity, had a deep resonance: "I've read the history of the American people rather thoroughly," he once remarked, "and I have confidence in them." (For articles by W. H. Davis, see "Banish Hunger From Tomorrow," *The Nation*, April 6, 1957, and "Should Labor Be Coerced?," November 21, 1959.)

Computerized Slander

Character assassins, anonymous or otherwise, can shortly rest at ease with the knowledge that soon their peddlings to government agencies will luxuriate in automated surroundings. It appears that so much "dirt" is pouring in on more and more Americans that a serious information processing and retrieval problem has arisen. Earlier this month, the Aerospace Medical Division of Brooks Air Force Base, Texas, requested "capability information" from any organizations interested in the "development and application of procedures for coding derogatory information." Those organizations deemed worthy of consideration for the task are to be invited to "examine and randomly select a number of cases from the files of the Office of Special Investigation" in Washington, D.C. The potential contractors then will develop "a procedure for coding derogatory information by type, source and other pertinent factors." Firms accepted for this competition (the winner will be announced before the end of the year) will have access to materials classified up through and including "Confidential." No materials are to be removed from the premises of the OSI directorate's offices; and presumably, as the judge instructs the jury after it has heard the inadmissible testimony, all references are to be struck from their memory when they return home. The purpose of this Orwellian research and development contract is to assist personnel workers in multiple and rapid employment of derogatory know-how for "security clearance purposes"—a phrase so commonly understood that it requires no definition or delineation. Those who work on the frontiers of this emerging discipline claim that precise coding of derogatory information enables an almost infinite number of combinations to be derived for maximum utility. The system, we are told, must remain under security wraps itself lest some astute purveyors of slander learn how best to rig their communications. But knowledge of the system's existence, say insiders enthusiastically, will encourage greater provision of such "data" and permit a more rational and guided discipline to be operative in evaluation procedures. One can imagine with what interest government agencies and private corporations, to name only two of the more prominent potential users, are awaiting the outcome of this R&D conducted by, of all unlikely names, the Aerospace Medical Division. Such accomplishments are undoubtedly what government officials are talking about when they describe the "fallout" of the space program into the economy.

Booty at the Back Door . . . . . Max Madden

East Germany is the latest Soviet bloc country to start on the painful path to liberalization. It is following a familiar pattern, yet presents some unusual twists. The welcoming noises now being made to Western journalists and tourists is part of the conventional thaw process—but it is in the forging of new trade links that East Germany surprises.

The country's industrial achievements (all the more impressive when one recalls the massive deterioration of industry by the Russians immediately after the war to pay repatriation and occupation costs) have enabled it to increase exports. East Germany maintains official trade links with forty-four countries, and has relations at government level with thirty-five. More than 75 per cent of these exports go to Eastern bloc countries, but there is a growing trade with other countries, including West Germany, its most vociferous opponent on the world stage. There is a balanced trade of some $510 million a year between East and West Germany, with a sharp rise of 20 per cent in the first half of this year, and the indications are that this bonanza will continue.

The West Germans and West Berliners are elbowing with other foreign customers for more space at the Leipzig international fair this month. Smart hotels and shopping centers have blossomed to accommodate the growing number of businessmen. Perhaps as a concession to the antagonisms they keep up in other quarters, many West German firms have gone to the bewildering lengths of trying to pretend they are British, or anything other than West German, at the fair. They have taken out British registration—usually a one-room office in London suffices—and British businessmen have looked in vain for their fellow countrymen on the stands. But if some of the West German efforts to cloak their identities verge on the ludicrous, their business acumen does not.

The apostles of West Germany's New Miracle have not outmatched East Germany's negotiators. As the East Germans overcame the innumerable problems presented by the division of their country (the major one being the cut-off of processing industries from their former supplies of steel, hard coal and other raw materials) they have had to concentrate on expanding new, "growth" industries: power, metallurgy, chemicals, general and electrical engineering.

Max Madden, industrial correspondent of the Tribune *(London), recently toured the major cities of East Germany.*

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East Germany has the highest chemical output per capita in the world after America. Expansion is planned under Comecon—the Soviet bloc's European Common Market equivalent—and Britain's giant ICI complex is taking a considerable interest in this. It is significant that the Allied Travel Office in West Berlin, which has refused passes to many East Germans wishing to visit NATO countries, quickly issued one to an East German engineer because ICI was eager to have him visit Britain.

The trade record attained in 1960 between East and West Germany is likely to be smashed soon as the West Germans send over more trade missions, even though many are taken to be quasi-diplomatic. Trade representatives meet regularly and sign annual agreements.

Half the East German exports to West Germany, which were valued at more than 1 billion marks last year, consist of chemicals, soft coal, oil and textiles. Foodstuffs, which are their main imports from West Germany, last year amounted to 860 million marks.

Exports to America last year reached $3 million, the major items being undressed mink fur and typewriters. American imports, which totaled $6 million, consisted mainly of corn, rye and tobacco. Annual trade between East Germany and the U.K. is about £12 million each way annually, and is rising. East Germany's trade with Denmark, Sweden, India and the United Arab Republic is also growing.

The developing countries, in Africa, Asia and Latin America, are importing industrial products to underpin their economies. It is in this field that the East Germans have imitated some of the smart business techniques of their West German competitors by agreeing to set up local teaching schemes, to train personnel locally, and to lavish other good after-sales services, such as lending of experts and ready specialist advice. Just how sharp these salesmen are could be seen from the performances of three experts (who earlier this year visited a round of seventy British companies dealing in engineering products) and from the youthful team that has been pushing sales of the Wartburg car.

Difficulties emanating from the political field tend to hamper trade expansion. The British business magazine, *Investors Chronicle*, recently lamented: "Talks with the right man from the right factory are an obvious prerequisite of commerce with the Communist countries. Yet one hears the complaint that East German specialists wishing to come here must sometimes wait five weeks for their travel documents from the Allied Travel Office in West Berlin—with no certainty of the outcome. Such frustrations can only tend to deter them from doing business in the U.K., especially when trade possibilities with booming West Germany lie, so to speak, on their doorstep."

As most of the pressure on the office to resist granting travel documents comes from West German interests, a British observer is left with the view that the West German attitude is, to say the least, hypocritical: Hinder trade at the front door while you enjoy profits at the lucrative back door.

The New, New Guard of the GOP

Virginia E. Lewis and Hansi Chambers

Memphis

Is the middle of the road too far to the Left? There are lots of people in Memphis who think that it is. The political jungle drums are beating for Senator Barry Morris Goldwater, so we came down to find out what was motivating the natives. We found that these natives are white and live in a carefully landscaped jungle. The process of trying to discover what is going on here politically is very much like swimming in molasses. It isn't that people won't talk; they will. The difficulty is in the sticky business of translating what they say into the ordinary political language used by non-Southerners and non-Goldwaterites.

Memphis, which was once the power center in Tennessee politics during Mr. Crump's regime, may become a new power center — but this time of Republican politics. Traditionally, Republican votes have been largely concentrated in east Tennessee and, as far as statewide influence was concerned, they were negligible. Now, with the development of the Republican Party in urban centers in the South, an examination of the rejuvenation, as some might call it, or at least the new management of Memphis Republican politics, should be rewarding.

During the two generations of Crump control of Memphis politics, the Republicans represented merely a bipartisan aspect of the Crump machine. Thus, Republicans normally supported Mr. Crump's candidates in the Democratic primaries (Tennessee is the only Southern state with the open primary), and in November they were free to support Republican candidates in order to maintain their party identity. This resulted, of course, in a complete lack of Republican Party organization and, indeed, of Republican Party feeling by the rank and file.

Since Crump's death in 1954 there has been an intensive effort to develop a Republican organization and an accompanying strong party feeling. Six years ago the new guard was able to gain control of the existing party organization from the old guard which represented the remnants of the Crump machine. Today in Memphis, as is true in the rest of the country, there is a new, new guard represented by the followers of Barry Goldwater, and this new, new guard has wrested control from both the old new guard and the old guard.

Who are these new, new-guard Republicans? What is it that they want which they feel cannot be achieved within the regular frame-

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Virginia E. Lewis, a native of Memphis, wrote her doctoral dissertation on Memphis politics; she is now chairman of the Department of History and Political Science at Hood College. Hansi Chambers is a free-lance writer.

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work of the Republican Party? Are they radicals of the Right? Do they have strong ideological leanings, or do they suffer merely from intensive nostalgia for some never-never land? How did these people gain control, and how has their success changed the general political outlook?

In a series of interviews with both new and old Republicans, dissident and loyal Republicans, Negro and white Republicans, we have come to the following conclusions.

The new, new-guard Republicans, which is to say the Goldwater Republicans, in Memphis are principally from the middle-income group. Their average age is around 40 years, or younger. Many of them are from other states. They could be described as a group of would-be affluent people. As of now, however, one finds in this group the modern version of the Horatio Alger hero of old: the budding professional or executive man, burdened with children he can't yet afford; living in a neighborhood which is still beyond his income; and paying taxes he considers exorbitant. But his eye is on the country club and the twenty-one-day tour of Europe (which will subtract nothing from his cultural isolationism).

Inevitably, these new, new-guard Republicans are horribly interested in fiscal matters. They do not want the government to take any sizable chunk of their incomes for whatever purpose and, therefore, they are forced to the political position which demands the reduction of federal governmental activities. Some of these people talk in terms of the necessity for material sacrifice in order to achieve freedom, but it seems to be clear that these material sacrifices will have to be made by those parts of the population least able to afford them: that is, those who need federal governmental aid in the areas of housing, education and medical care. These "new" conservatives who are so adamant on the question of federal spending are perfectly willing, at least according to their statements, to forgo the federal payments that are now being made for public roads, for aid to dependent children, and for the other numerous social services that the states have so far been unable or unwilling to support alone.

In other words, these "new guard" people who have made it, or who are in the process of making it (with or without outside assistance) now would prefer a closed society in which there was no social mobility and every individual would stand or fall alone. It is not without significance that, in interview after interview, Senators Eastland and McClellan were described as conservatives only on the race issue. These Goldwater conservatives consider Eastland and McClellan to be liberals on every other issue. That this might come as a surprise to most persons who follow political news is of no moment. According to Memphis conservatives, these Senators want to take federal money for state projects and, therefore, they are *not* conservatives.

If roads are to be built, whether by state or local or national governments, the money must come from somewhere and, in view of the relatively small Southern contribution to the federal-tax coffers, it is probably fiscally advantageous for Southerners to have the federal government contribute money for these roads. But not in the view of these fiscal zealots.

There seems to be a feeling among some of them that the sole role of the national government is negative. When one of the authors suggested that this meant accentuating the negative, she was told that here was another example of the attitude of the hostile press toward the conservative movement.

It would be wrong, however, to suggest that these views represent a well-defined and carefully thought-out political attitude. On the contrary, they represent a strong and, in some cases, an almost violently emotional reaction to the American political history of the past generation. Many of these people never paid any taxes until after the war. They had not suffered a depression, and they were appalled to find that the tax bills for maintaining a viable American democracy through the forties and the fifties were so high.

They do not suggest that foreign affairs and the defense of the country should be left in the hands of the state and local governments but, under the tutelage of Otto Passman and others, they do resent the fact that foreign-aid money is squandered. One example given was the purchase of 500,000 color TV sets to be sent to areas of the world where there is no available electricity. If foreign aid entails ridiculous waste of this sort, and it obviously does to them, then it must go.

In short, they want a safe and secure America; they want to buy the abundance of consumer goods available; they want the best life for themselves and their children; and they do not want to pay for any of it.

To help them achieve this goal they have found a champion in Barry Goldwater. Perhaps they feel that he has the solution to the mystical tie between the cost of government and the cost of living, both of which must come down. (Incomes, of course, must not decline.) Spurred on by this candidate who can articulate their strongest financial and social desires, they have entered the political fray, many of them with the intense zeal of inexperience, for the sole purpose of electing Goldwater President of the United States and thus magically solving their problems.

While these authors were in Memphis there appeared in one of the local papers a letter to the editor in which the writer explained that there were three kinds of extremists: the extremists of the Left, the extremists of the Center, and the extremists of the Right — but the extremists of the Right were really moderate. This letter in a very real sense is representative of the general lack of political understanding that is rampant among the "conservatives" in Memphis. It would be a mistake, however, to consider the bulk of the Memphis Goldwater Republicans as radicals of the Right. They are not radicals, and they are not really political. It is a tragedy of contemporary life that they feel driven—there is no other word for it—to participate actively in this latter-day children's crusade. They would be much better off selling the superior mouse trap, practicing law, healing the sick or cultivating their gardens.

Semantics is a source of considerable difficulty for these Goldwater Republicans. They are conservatives, but what conservatism is and what they wish to conserve are not easy matters for them to explain. They do know what they are against: federal spending, the welfare state and the continued en-

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croachment of the federal government on freedom. They are not racists; they all say repeatedly that they are not, and practically the only people who do not believe them are the Negroes.

These "dedicated conservatives" gained control of the Republican Party in part because of their devotion and energy and in part because, to use their words, the old new guard was burned out. A factional organization, the Republican Association—the name was taken from an organization founded by the Eisenhower Republicans and disbanded after a year—was the medium through which the Republican Party was revitalized. An expert paid director was procured, impressively appointed headquarters obtained, and a separate political machine set up. In instances where the regular precinct chairmen were either ineffectual or not Goldwaterites, precinct captains of the proper persuasion were appointed. The organization of all the precincts in the city and county is not yet complete, and in the less affluent sections of the central city and in the Negro wards it will be necessary to use workers from outside.

Because of the factional division within the Republican ranks in Memphis, it is fair to describe the Republican Party as lily-white. For the first time since Reconstruction days the Republican Party is now without significant Negro membership or support. To the new conservative white Republican this is clearly no matter for regret. One of these new, new-guard Republicans said that the Negroes were more at home in the Democratic Party anyway.

Where 32 per cent of the registered voters are Negro, the almost cavalier writing off of the Negro vote might seem to be politically dangerous. The new, new-guard Republicans, nevertheless, are confident that their nonracist white appeal, and the nonracist appeal of Senator Goldwater, will be great enough among the remaining 68 per cent of Memphis voters to allow the Republican Party to forget the 32 per cent—who happen to be Negroes.

If the Memphis Goldwaterite is not interested in the Negro, he is equally uninterested in the problems and the needs of the white man on the street. He is definitely not his brother's keeper; he has all he can do to keep himself and his family. Ordinarily, an obvious lack of concern about people is a political handicap. However, the white vote must be delivered in November for Goldwater and, to the extent that this can be done, it will be done. The average Goldwater worker's lack of political know-how will be offset in some measure by his single-minded zeal.

There are two things going for Goldwater in Memphis and the South: with the less well-to-do white people, it is race prejudice; with the economically comfortable white people, it is an attractive fiscal policy. It is on the basis of this appeal that the Goldwater Republicans are so confident of victory in the city and state. Most of them believe implicitly that their candidate will win the Presidency in November.

A Goldwater defeat is unthinkable to them but, when pressed on this subject, they vow that they will work harder the next time for Goldwater, or a candidate like Goldwater. They have erased traditional party lines and redrawn their political world in the sharp black and white of liberalism and conservatism. Anyone who cannot be accommodated in the needle's-eye breadth of Goldwater conservatism is a liberal—and against them.

There was general agreement that Governor Wallace's withdrawal from the Presidential race improved Senator Goldwater's chances of carrying a number of the Southern states. No Goldwater supporter speculated on the reason for the Governor's change of mind. Anti-Goldwater people felt that it could be a modern Hayes-Tilden deal: the federal government under President Goldwater would withdraw, not troops, but the unusually large contingents of federal marshals and FBI agents from the South. Another explanation was that the Governor was not paid to withdraw but that his funds were cut off. This theory is based on the assumption that the Wallace forays into Democratic Presidential primaries in Wisconsin, Indiana and Maryland were financed by supporters of Senator Goldwater. If the Senator had not been the nominee, then Wallace would have made the run. Since the Senator was nominated, there was no reason for the Wallace candidacy.

In order for the Democrats to carry Memphis for the President, it will be necessary for them to make clear to certain groups how much a victory for Goldwater would cost.

Goldwater Republicans are strongly anti-union, and right-to-work laws are part of the "freedom" they want to bring back. Some labor unions which are concerned with racial matters must be made to see

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that they have a clear choice to make between prejudice and pocketbook—racism and the right to bargain for decent working conditions.

The Negroes already know that a Goldwater victory is a luxury they cannot afford. They normally cast a large vote in a Presidential election. This year they must make a maximum effort to match the increased white vote which will be turned out.

Dissident Republicans (there are some, but not many) and non-Goldwater Democrats feel that it is possible for the President to carry Memphis and Tennessee. They base their judgment on these factors:

(1) A large anti-Goldwater vote in Memphis, Nashville and Chattanooga, and in Fayette and Haywood counties.

(2) A strong effort in behalf of the President by the two Democratic candidates for the U. S. Senate and by former Governor Ellington, who is remarkably popular.

(3) The active support of the Mayor of Memphis.

(4) The fear that Goldwater, as President, would dismantle TVA on which so much of the state's economic well-being is dependent.

Meanwhile, back in the precincts, the Democrats are facing a new sort of political challenge by zealous persons, many of whom are new to politics and all of whom are feverishly eager to win. The problem that Democratic candidates, from the President on down, will have to meet here is the issue of racial violence in an area where the racial issue is very much like an iceberg—two-thirds submerged. Because of its able white and Negro leadership Memphis, unlike Birmingham, has had no serious racial conflict. This does not mean, however, that racial tension does not exist.

It is a long time until November 3, and it is still too early to assume, as the Goldwater Republicans do, that these *spontaneous* outbursts of racial violence in New York State (will there be others in Pennsylvania, Michigan and California?) spell the inevitable defeat of the President at the polls.

In the recent state-wide primary Rep. Ross Bass, who voted for the civil rights bill, was nominated overwhelmingly to run for Estes Kefauver's seat in the Senate. In Memphis and Shelby County, George Grider, a liberal Democrat, defeated long-time conservative House member Cliff Davis. Mr. Davis won re-election in November, 1962, by a very narrow margin against Bob James, who is again the Republican candidate and an active Goldwater supporter. Futhermore, in Memphis for the first time in this century a Negro (A. W. Willis, an NAACP lawyer) was nominated for the state legislature, and another Negro (Jesse Turner, President of the Memphis NAACP) was elected as a delegate to the state constitutional convention.

Mr. Davis' defeat was not anticipated by the Memphis Goldwater Republicans, but when they were asked about a campaign against Grider, they seemed convinced that he would be easier to defeat than Davis, since Grider is a liberal.

The fall campaign will be a pitched battle between a newly aroused Democratic Party that is unwilling to give up the political gains of this century, and the heavily reinforced Goldwaterites, who represent the worst of nineteenth-century thinking. We see no reason, however, to change our view that Memphis and Tennessee will be won by President Johnson and the rest of the Democratic ticket. The President, it is recognized here, is an able and resourceful man, and some Memphis Democrats believe that even in the troubled area of racial conflict he will be able to get people to reason together.

It is no doubt on the basis of this hope that one hears from some Memphis Democrats the slogan, "Back to the store in '64."

Agony of the Negro Leader . . Everett C. Ladd, Jr.

There is nothing more difficult to take in hand, more perilous to conduct, or more uncertain in its success, than to take the lead in the introduction of a new order of things. For the reformer has enemies in all those who profit by the old order, and only lukewarm defenders in all those who profit by the new order. . . .

Machiavelli.

They asked me to cooperate and call a halt to the pool integration. I told them that I didn't want to, that what was being done was right. But, Hell, man, I couldn't have stopped that any more than you could have. There are plenty waiting to take my place if I falter.

A North Carolina Negro Leader.

In his classic treatise on power and its uses, the famed sixteenth-century Florentine politician and philosopher warned his prince as to the problems encountered by those seeking to establish themselves and a new order of things. The problems and pressures confronting political innovators have almost always been great. Certainly Negro protest leaders in the United States today do not escape Machiavelli's dictum. Our purpose here is not to lament the lot of these leaders. The rewards of race leadership are also great, and anyone who has traveled the road of a King, a Farmer or a Wilkins must possess extraordinary resiliency. But the demands made on Negro protest leadership—an innovating leadership — do affect the course of the race-advancement movement, and hence of the revolution in American race relations. In this way we are all affected, as is the fabric of the American democracy. The tribulations of Negro leaders, then, are important far beyond the specific problems of the leaders themselves.

The "external" pressures on Negro leaders—that is, pressures applied by those who profit from the old order—are well known. The nature of these pressures varies from section to section. For those who promote the cause of civil rights in parts of the South, it is often nothing less than the stark threat of physical harm. A Greenville, S. C., leader told me how, during that city's sit-ins in 1960, he and his family were threatened and harassed at all hours. "All right,

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nigger, we're going to get you and your wife and kids." This kind of thing, of course, is *routine* for those who so expose themselves. Relatively few people can maintain sanity and continue to function under such conditions. In this way—and the full irony should not be lost—Southern whites continue to play a major role in the selection of Negro leadership.

Negroes, again principally in the South, also risk economic retaliation when they lend themselves to the work of protest organizations. As a result, the overwhelming majority of protest leaders in the South are persons whose incomes are independent of white control. There are notable exceptions, like the public-school teacher who is president of the Florida NAACP conference of branches. But in city after city throughout Dixie, the entire protest leadership is composed of persons — optometrists, dentists, lawyers, ministers, et al.—who are little vulnerable to economic sanctions. The "vulnerables" — public-school teachers, other public servants, even businessmen who rely on whites for credit or various services—may at times appear unnecessarily cautious. But cases like that of Mrs. Willa Johnson are understandably on their minds. Mrs. Johnson, a North Carolina school teacher, was notified that her contract would not be renewed after she had participated prominently in the work of the Halifax County Voters Movement.

Negro protest leaders all over the country are urged to modify their positions in the interest of attaining such values as "respectability" and interracial contact. The charge of "selling out" is made frequently in the Negro communities. All too often it is unfair and unfounded. But the temptation to compromise a bit in order to win that big smile and warm handshake—a measure of acceptance—from people in the "white power structure" remains strong. We should not be surprised that a Southern Negro leader, on the outside looking in all his life, is sometimes reluctant to jeopardize newly achieved access to white leaders (through a biracial committee or the apparatus of the local Democratic Party) by protesting too vigorously. Some wag has suggested that if Mayor Wagner could only bring each Negro in New York City to his office for a martini and a brief chat, the New York protest movement would collapse. Co-optation is not that powerful, of course, but most of us are reluctant to exchange smiles for frowns (or considerably worse).

These external pressures are strong and pervasive. But there is also the second half of Machiavelli's dictum, that the reformer has "only lukewarm defenders in all those who profit by the new order. . . ." This we should modify slightly to assert that pressures growing out of the Negro community may provide even greater dilemmas for protest leaders.

In his trenchant analysis, *The Negro Revolt* (Harper), Louis Lomax criticizes the NAACP for not assessing adequately the temper of Negro Americans. Because those in the ebony towers of 20 West 40th Street lost touch with the thinking of large numbers of Negroes, the NAACP lost its four-decades-old monopoly of Negro militancy. Without seeking to absolve the leadership of blame, I would suggest that the NAACP's displacement from its once preeminent and predominant position can best be understood, not as some kind of failure, but rather as evidence of the extremely insecure and vulnerable position of Negro leadership, national and local. For literally hundreds of local Negro leaders have found themselves displaced in the last decade. And many hundreds more have had to move at a fast pace to maintain their positions. This vulnerability is inherent in the type of leadership.

James Farmer

Ethnic group leadership, by definition, must concern itself with promoting the interests of the ethnic group. It exists because the ethnic group is conscious of itself in competition for certain scarce values with other ethnic groups. The sharper the competition and the greater the estrangement, rejection and isolation of the ethnic group in the political system, the greater its internal cohesion. Negro Americans are an embattled ethnic group. Although one of the first such groups to arrive in the United States, it has been the least accepted. That is why Negro Democrats are Negroes first and Democrats second, Negro trade unionists are Negroes first and trade unionists second, and so on. Negroes who are political leaders necessarily are *Negro* political leaders. Negro leadership in the United States has been, and remains, issue leadership, and the one issue that matters is race advancement. The deepest and most vital political interests of Negro Americans are involved here in a pervasive manner. And the revolution in American race relations, which must be understood primarily as a revolution in political power, has meant that Negro expectations in the area of race advancement have increased enormously. Negroes rightly insist that their leaders bring about dramatic changes in the structure of American race relations, *here and now.*

We often forget that political action for most white Americans is a relatively casual involvement, particularly on the local level. There simply are not many issues in which we see our most vital interests continuously involved. Political involvement is anything but casual for Negro Americans. Access to public facilities, good jobs at fair pay, security from legal and extra-legal violence, claim to acceptance as a full and equal participant in the American democracy: all these are at issue in the political struggle. Negro leaders don't have in the first instance, then, the security, the cushion which the relaxed nature of white middle-class politics provides for their white brethren.

In the same way, the Negro leader cannot long stand on past performance or expect to be rewarded in the political realm for good works in other areas. A militant Negro

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leader, asked to comment on what, if any, leadership was being provided by a prominent physician, dismissed the good doctor summarily: "Why him? He's not doing anything. He doesn't even know what's going on!"

The doctor, in fact, was a leading member of several Negro social organizations, was active in church work and contributed generously of his time and money to philanthropy in the Negro community. Had he been white, his record would have made him particularly attractive for candidacy for local political office, for leadership on a committee working for fluoridation of the city's water system, for political activity in general. But Negro Americans cannot transfer reputations acquired in other areas to politics. A national celebrity such as Jackie Robinson can, of course, transfer prominence. Like their fellow citizens, Negroes hold their sports and entertainment celebrities in extremely high esteem. Moreover, because of the broad system of discrimination to which they have been subjected, Negro Americans have produced relatively few folk heroes, and identification with those who succeed brilliantly in the white man's world understandably is strong. But at the local level, modest success in economic and civic activity usually cannot be translated into political power. Past record in the United Fund or the Queen Street Baptist Church is of only the most marginal interest and importance when the question at issue is one of race advancement. A young college student, still wet behind the ears, can successfully challenge an established doctor, a pillar of the community. We should not be surprised that most Negro Americans speak of their leaders and those seeking to be leaders much in the spirit of one Winston-Salem hospital orderly: "I don't care what he has been or done or what kind of a man he is. I only care what he will do to get better treatment for me and for my children."

Whites who are amazed at the continued strength of Adam Clayton Powell in Harlem need look no further than this. Why should Negroes worry about whether a leader conforms to the niceties of white middle-class standards? They can't afford such a luxury. And this attitude is still another reason for the insecurity of protest leaders, and the

Rep. William Dawson

instability of the leadership structure. Past good works cannot be cashed in. Past performance in community service means little, if anything. The knight is as naked of armor as is the lowliest servant.

The vulnerability of Negro leaders is further increased by certain structural characteristics. Most local race leaders operate from weak institutional and status positions. In Southern cities, they generally must rely either on race-advancement groups, which are poorly organized, have few members and get little financial support; or on relatively insignificant positions (member of the city council, the school board, etc.) in government. Looking at the fairly impressive organizational support of Roy Wilkins or William Dawson, we may at times forget how modest are the resources at the command of most Negro leaders. They possess few sanctions with which to secure the compliance of their followers. Few Negro leaders can deliver jobs or provide the kinds of services, like supplying distressed families with food and fuel, which sustained machine politicians in the great Northern cities. Where they have possessed such resources, as does the Dawson organization in Chicago, their position has been measurably strengthened. Since there is little which most Negro leaders can do for their followers that someone else cannot do, there is little which they can threaten not to do.

The weak institutional and status positions of race leaders, the fact that sanctions to enforce compliance are not available, and above all this the presence of an issue of transcending importance to the group produce an exceedingly vulnerable leadership. And as though this were not enough, the very definition of what the leaders should do to advance the race is constantly changing. It is now little more than four years since a few students from North Carolina Agricultural and Technical College sought service at a Woolworth's lunch counter in Greensboro and continued to sit in their seats after having been refused. But this magnificent instance of spontaneous rebellion now seems a chapter of history, so far and fast has the movement come since February 1, 1960. Many race leaders have had difficulty keeping their style of leadership up to the expectations of their constituents. In this state of affairs there is every incentive to experiment. The leader who does not attempt new techniques will soon be passed by.

That, indeed, is what has been happening. Our research indicates that there are few, if any, cities in the South in which, during the last fifteen years, there has not been at least one major displacement of the top Negro leaders by a group of challengers. And instances of individual Negro leaders losing influence are innumerable. Developments in Winston-Salem in the spring of 1963 illustrate this extreme vulnerability of the established protest leadership.

A Negro leadership had established itself in Winston-Salem through a series of racial crises between 1957 and 1962; by January, 1963, it appeared to be quite secure. The same people had occupied the top positions for an extended period. These leaders could claim to have achieved a number of important race objectives, including the integration of swimming pools and lunch counters. Then in the spring of 1963, protest demonstrations swept the South. The mayor of Winston-Salem established a biracial committee in an effort to meet Negro demands and avoid demonstrations in this home of Camels, Winstons and Salems. He wisely appointed the most militant Negro leaders to this committee. Through extended negotiations, fairly significant results were achieved—results comparable to those gained by Negro leaders in two other North

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Carolina cities, Durham and Raleigh, only through extended mass demonstrations. But the Winston biracial committee did not meet all outstanding grievances and its procedures did not permit, as do demonstrations, the dramatic expression of discontent. The committee was attacked for moving too slowly. The critics, many of them until then not prominently associated with race advancement, stressed the need for protest demonstrations to "push" reluctant businesses. The militants of January found themselves by May in the positions of "ins" and open to criticism for compromising. Picture the May militants picketing the January militants, and proclaiming that "no Uncle Toms will speak for us!" The May militants formed a chapter of the Congress for Racial Equality and a branch of the youth group, the NAACP Commandos, and effected a partial displacement of the old leadership. But no one had played Uncle Tom. The dissatisfaction which the new leaders exploited indicated less a failure of the old leadership than the nature of the situation in which that leadership found itself. Negro grievances are so real and so great that almost any established leadership can be attacked for underachievement. In Winston-Salem new men saw and seized an opportunity to argue that new approaches were needed, and thereby to come to power and prominence.

Men as vulnerable to challenges as are Negro political leaders necessarily are preoccupied with the problem of maintaining their positions. Given the dynamic of the revolution in American race relations, there is every incentive for race leaders to reach out continually for techniques which better dramatize the justifiably great discontents of Negro Americans. The stall-ins unsuccessfully attempted by the Brooklyn, Bronx and New York CORE chapters last April are only one example of this experimentation in techniques. There will be many more.

Most white Americans have eyes and ears attuned to the styles of white middle-class leadership — a leadership whose golden words are moderation, compromise and civility. We must make an effort to recognize the different dynamic in Negro leadership. And particularly we must rid our minds of the picture of the Negro leader as a free-wheeling agitator. Race leadership in the U. S. today is issue leadership. The issue is race advancement. Involved are the most vital political interests of Negro Americans. This type of leadership stands or falls on its success in gaining support for its definition of how the race should be advanced. And since it cannot solve all of the big problems which are uniquely the lot of Negroes, it is ever vulnerable to challenges. It is, then, a leadership less free-wheeling than free-blown, less agitating than articulating. It is subjected to extraordinarily acute pressures and has few resources with which to harness and control these pressures. Caught between the devil, which is the white man's threats, pleas and various other pressures and inducements, and the deep blue sea of vulnerability within his own community, the agony of the Negro leader is often a perfect one. It behooves every friend of American democracy to work to reduce these pressures rather than to magnify them. For the agony of the race leader must necessarily be our own.

The Redwood Totem . . . . . Harold Gilliam

In California, where the chief deity is the automobile, the highest use of the land — any land — is for highways. This principle is not only observed as a hallowed tradition but is sanctified in state law covering condemnation procedures.

In recent years, particularly since federal highway money has come flooding in from Washington, the California State Division of Highways, armed with a power of eminent domain superior to that of all other California agencies, has been bulldozing its way through parks, residential neighborhoods, scenic landscapes and college campuses.

Neither park officials nor residents nor educators nor local officials have any means of legal appeal to any administrative or judicial agency from the decisions of the Highway Commission in its choice of routes. In this respect the commission stands on about equal footing with the United States Supreme Court. However, the country's most autonomous engineers ran into trouble when they undertook to cut through groves of the world's tallest trees—the coast redwoods, *Sequoia sempervirens*. Redwood-saving conservationists have been able to appeal over the heads of the Highway Commission to the only higher authority — American public opinion.

The redwood groves now protected from the logger's ax in California state parks were purchased over the generations by donations solicited by the Save-the-Redwoods League and matched with state funds. Contributions came from every part of the country, and California thus holds the redwood groves in trust for the American people. These groves have now been invaded by the engineers pushing north up U.S. 101 along the coast from San Francisco to the Oregon border.

In terms of increasing traffic loads and the demands of the lumber industry for better access to their own redwood stands, a freeway replacing the old two-lane Redwood Highway made perfect sense. But to conservationists the arguments for greater traffic efficiency did not balance the need to preserve the integrity of the state groves.

Over the protests of the Save-the-Redwoods League and the Sierra Club, the freeway several years ago sliced through Humboldt Redwoods State Park. The engineers pointed out that they, too, loved the redwoods; they had gone out of their way and spent extra money to select the route least damaging to the grove and had taken special precautions to save the roots of trees just beyond the edge of the pavement. For these measures they must

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be given credit, but the fact remains that four lanes of high-speed traffic—much of it Diesel logging trucks—now roar through the once-quiet forest.

To conservationists, this intrusion is comparable to permitting a roller derby in Westminster Abbey. They are not consoled when the engineers point out that the commotion has been confined to a side aisle. Therefore, when the Division of Highways announced its intention of cutting a similar swath through what is perhaps the most beautiful of all the groves, Prairie Creek Redwoods State Park north of Eureka, the conservationists got their backs up. The engineers had agreed not to follow the present narrow road through the heart of Prairie Creek, but held out for a route either along the wild, ruggedly beautiful beach adjoining the park or, above the beach, along the top of the adjacent Gold Bluffs. Either route would destroy some virgin redwoods and cut the park off from the ocean, upsetting delicate ecological balances.

The Save-the-Redwoods League and the Sierra Club proposed a route by-passing the park to the east, but the engineers rejected it as too expensive. Expense, of course, is a relative matter. How do you calculate the value of a redwood that cannot be replaced in a thousand years? Conservationists, using their own accounting methods, said the engineers' route would be more expensive in terms of destroyed trees. So the two value systems brought a showdown.

The State Division of Beaches and Parks, an impoverished country cousin of the powerful and wealthy Division of Highways, had found itself in a poor bargaining position on Humboldt Grove, but now decided to stand its ground by opposing any freeway through Prairie Creek. Informed of the crisis by the Save-the-Redwoods League and the Sierra Club, editors across the country began to join in the protest against invasion of the sanctuary. The League and the Sierra Club are organizations of not inconsiderable power. The former has raised more than $10 million over the past forty years, and that money, with state matching funds, has bought the 80,000 acres of redwoods that are now in state parks. The Sierra Club, founded by John Muir, has been fighting through press and legislatures since 1892. It was influential in having Yosemite Valley included in Yosemite National Park, in the establishment of the California park system, in the creation of Kings Canyon National Park and Point Reyes National Seashore, and in preventing a major dam in Dinosaur National Monument.

In the stir over Prairie Creek there came to light another freeway scheme that had been sliding along almost unnoticed. Not far from the Oregon border, on U.S. 199 east of Crescent City, as part of the Jedediah Smith Redwoods State Park, stands the National Tribute Grove, trees purchased by donations from Americans as a memorial to friends and relatives who served in World War II. Through a portion of this memorial grove the Division of Highways planned to cut a swath a mile long.

The Division of Beaches and Parks, aware that Highways could condemn the land if necessary, gave the route its reluctant blessing. So the road is officially approved, and whenever they please the highwaymen can move into a memorial grove that the donors had been assured would be preserved for all time.

Stimulated by letters and editorial protests, Governor Edmund G. Brown in January convened a joint meeting of the Highway Commission and the Park Commission. One of Brown's recent appointees was Park Commissioner Margaret Owings, wife of architect Nathaniel Owings, who had been instrumental in defeating attempts a few years ago to blast a freeway down the rugged Big Sur coast south of Monterey. At the meeting Mrs. Owings made a ringing statement for preservation of redwoods, concluding: "I would like to see an unbroken policy established by the state of California: that no more virgin redwoods in state parks be cut down for freeways."

Highway chief Robert Bradford diplomatically promised that his freeway builders would try in the future to avoid parks entirely, but left himself an escape hatch by stating that if it proved impossible to stay out completely, at least the "core" of the park lands should be preserved.

Governor Brown in March took a trip into the two parks to see for himself what the fuss was about. The Governor is an outdoor man with a genuine appreciation of scenic and recreational resources, and his first reaction was that the redwoods should be preserved at all cost. At the end of his tour he gave the conservationists the word that they had scarcely dared hope for: "As long as I am Governor not a single, solitary redwood will be cut down for a freeway."

But the engineers were undaunted. They kept at Brown, and evidently convinced him that increasing traffic made a redwood freeway essential, and that it could not be built without cutting down some trees. A month after his unequivocal statement, a mimeographed handout from the Governor's office declared that if it became necessary to cut down any state park redwoods for freeways, the Division of Highways would "replace" them by presenting the state with an equal number of redwoods outside the park boundaries, on a "tree for a tree" basis.

The "tree for a tree" doctrine, which ignores the importance of maintaining the unity of park land, got a mixed reaction. The *San Francisco Chronicle* strongly preferred Brown's first statement: "Any retreat at all from the Governor's original promise seems unnecessary as well as highly unpopular. A far more widely applauded solution would be a pledge to cut down one highway engineering chieftain for every redwood taken by a freeway —and, in accord with ancient tribal custom, bury him mounted regally upon his favorite bulldozer."

The dismay of the conservationists at the "tree for a tree" principle was increased by the fact that next November the voters of California will be asked to approve a $150 million bond issue for state parks. Backers of the bonds fear the electorate will balk at spending that much money for new parks and trees which could promptly be bulldozed by the freeway builders. They asked the Governor to clarify the muddled situation.

So in mid-May Brown called a press conference and made a statement he doubtless hoped would shelve the whole problem at least until after the election. He said Highways would delay selecting a route through Prairie Creek until the Division of Beaches and Parks had completed a master plan for future redwood acquisition. In the interval the Highway Commisssion

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would confer with the Park Commission and try to find alternate routes acceptable to all. Brown spoke of the "integrity of a redwood forest" and said that "the Prairie Creek redwoods are a public trust of unique value."

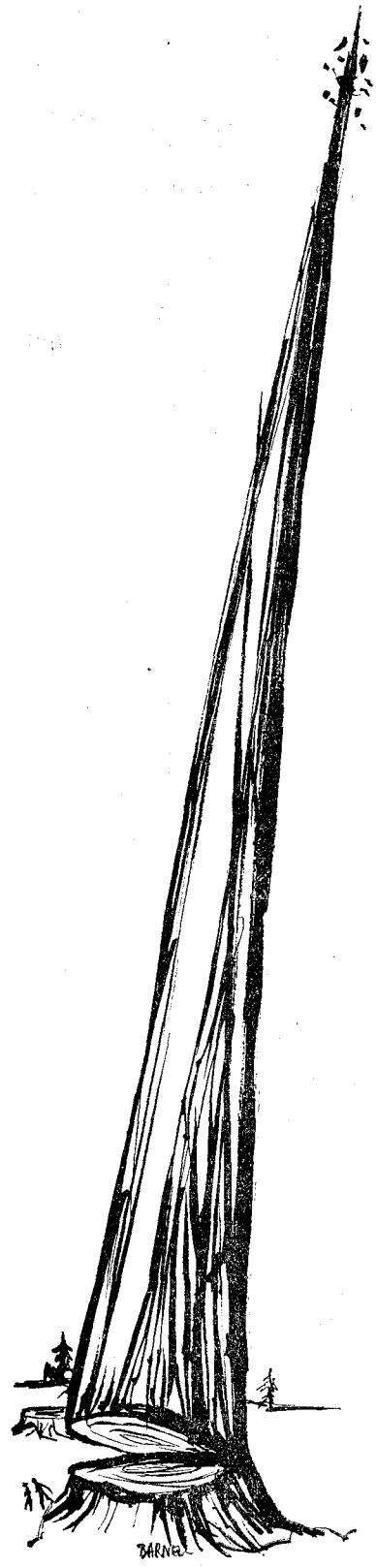
The most ardent redwood-saver could scarcely take exception to that. But the Governor failed to mention the already approved freeway route through the National Tribute Grove, and went ahead to explain his tree-for-a-tree statement in terms that again raised doubts. He spoke of certain unspecified "fringe routes" where some trees would have to be cut, and explained that the destroyed trees would be "exchanged" for newly acquired redwoods outside the parks. That was that, and the Governor's office let it be known that he would say no more on redwoods until the master plan was completed.

At best, Brown's statement only postponed the showdown. Sooner or later the central issue will have to be resolved: are the state park redwoods inviolate or are they not?

Some coming developments may help supply the answer. A group of California attorneys have formed the Conservation Law Society of America, and its first project will be to determine whether the state can legally destroy redwoods it is committed to preserve. The lawyers believe that commitment was implicitly given both to the nation-wide list of donors and to California voters who have approved bond issues for the redwood parks.

Rumblings in the state capital may result in bills being introduced next year to curb the powers of the Highway Commission. One possibility is to repeal the code provision that designates highways as the highest use of the land, thus making it possible to appeal the commission's decisions on freeway routes. Another is to declare state parks an exception to the commission's power of eminent domain. Growing grievances against the freeway builders in all parts of the state would put considerable force behind such legislation and could conceivably lead to repeal of the state constitutional amendment that gives the Division of Highways an automatic income from gasoline tax funds.

The controversy has focused attention not only on the omnipotence of the Highway Commission, but on even greater threats to the redwoods from other sources. The situation is vividly stated in a superb new Sierra Club book, *The Last Redwoods*, with photographs by Philip Hyde and text by Francois Leydet, a volume that has contributed impressively to the redwood-freeway battle. Leydet points out that 80 per cent of the original stands of these trees — which grow no place else in the world—have been destroyed by logging and only 5 per cent are "protected" in state parks. In about fifteen years at the present pace of logging—and sooner if operations are accelerated—all the virgin redwoods outside the parks will be gone.



Forty years ago it was a goal of Stephen T. Mather, first director of the National Park Service, to give redwoods the same kind of protection afforded their Sierra cousins (*Sequoia gigantea*) in Sequoia National Park. The state redwood parks are in scattered groves along a narrow strip traversed by U.S. 101, and subject not only to freeway invasion but to destruction as a result of bad logging practices upstream. In the Rockefeller Forest of Humboldt Redwoods State Park, some 500 of the giants have been toppled by floods originating on cutover land. A national park would necessarily embrace an area large enough to afford protection from such damage.

Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall has revived the Mather idea; the Sierra Club is energetically backing it; and the National Geographic Society recently financed a survey to discover whether there remained any virgin areas of sufficient size to constitute a national park. One such area was found along the basin of Redwood Creek in Humboldt County. (In their explorations the surveyors came upon three trees that are taller than the one previously believed to be the world's tallest. The biggest of these is 367.8 feet. All three are on property owned by a lumber company.) Late in June, President Johnson directed the National Park Service to prepare a study of possible areas—among them this tract—for a national redwood park.

Ironically, whether a Redwood National Park can be established in time will depend largely on the cooperation of the lumber companies that own the land. If logging goes on during the period required for legislation to get through Congress, it is probable that the potential park areas will be irreparably damaged. And without a Redwood National Park, there will ultimately remain only a few uncertain fragments of the groves that were perhaps the supreme wonder of all the earth's flora.

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Theatre of the Grotesque

SHAKESPEARE OUR CONTEMPORARY. By Jan Kott. Translated from the Polish by Boleslaw Taborski. Introduction by Martin Esslin. Doubleday & Co. 241 pp. $4.50.

Oswald LeWinter

Sartre's inspired assertion that "the literary object has no other substance than the reader's subjectivity," might have provided *Shakespeare Our Contemporary* with a fitting epigraph; it is certainly its ethos. Professor Kott, the most astute critic in Poland today, and the only one from the Communist bloc of the stature of Georg Lukács, has performed for our era and Shakespeare a feat comparable to Goethe's when, in 1796, he published *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre.* If this seems extravagant praise, two factors should be borne in mind.

The Shakespeare criticism of the last decade, or roughly since the appearance of Francis Fergusson's *The Human Image in Dramatic Form* (1957), has been particularly undistinguished. Book after book has appeared in which young doctors or aging associate professors have reheated the theories of such major critics as Levin, Knight, Traversi, to mention the most persuasive, or in which the minutiae left unattended by such men have been dealt mortal blows. It is not merely the absence of scrap gathering that distinguishes the present book. Professor Kott engages the world of the major plays with such a sharp gaze and large mind that even his minutiae serve splendidly as guideposts toward a comprehensive view of that world. He is willing to risk magnificent generalizations, and rarer still, his thesis is genuinely original. By comparison, even so sparkling a book as *The Shakespearean Imagination* by Norman Holland, suffers from its author's inability to move beyond venerated romantic conceptions of his subject.

Kott examines the most crucial dramas of Shakespeare from a critical position that can best be called existential. He is determined to test the validity of his critical attitude by the command it allows him over his subject. Such a process demands a confrontation between the terms of the critic's position, in this case the consciousness of contemporary man in a world of chance, and the elements of the work out of another historical era. Each must be able to accommodate the other at every possible point. What remains for Sartre a theory of criticism has been given its practical expression in the present book.

The thesis that each age must find its own Shakespeare is not a new one. It is the tacit assumption that has underlain the best criticism from John Dryden to G. Wilson Knight. And it is a thesis which never has been really questioned until the rise of that school of critics who, like the late Levin Schücking, assert that Shakespeare can be understood only in the context of his own age. This ultimately reductive criticism has actually flourished far less in Europe than here in America. In France, for instance, so judicious a critic as Jean-Louis Barrault has observed that "Shakespeare is topical to our time, he lived as we do now, in an age of transition, an age of revolutions and calamities in which the old faith had been lost, and the new one had not yet appeared" (*Reflexions sur le theatre,* 1949).

Although Professor Kott shares Barrault's conviction, he would phrase it somewhat differently. He might say that ours is an age of calamities, of enormous disasters, that has been torn loose from all its available faiths, even the belief in history, without having developed new ones. But, he might add, this is precisely the sort of world which can exist within the tragedies and tragic histories of Shakespeare because of their scope. Kott does not attempt to find only *his* era in any of the plays, a method which is actually a subtle inversion of the historicism of Schücking, but examines the world of the plays themselves with the complex and unique consciousness of a man of this century.

Professor Kott's essay on *Hamlet,* contains an excellent statement of this point of view:

> *What I have in mind is not a forced topicality. . . . What matters is that through Shakespeare's text we ought to get at our modern experience, anxiety and sensibility.*
>
> *There are many subjects in* Hamlet. *There is politics, force opposed to morality; there is discussion of the divergence between theory and practice, of the ultimate purpose of life; there is tragedy of love, as well as family drama; political, eschatological and metaphysical problems are considered. There is everything you want, including deep psychological analysis, a bloody story, a duel, and general slaughter. One can select at will. But one must know what one selects, and why.*

The last sentence reveals the nature of Prof. Kott's bias, the demand for consciousness; for approaching the monuments of one's cultural tradition with the full burden of one's own experience without pretending that the past, whether a drama or the last decade, is dead or static.

It is heartening to find such a sane and balanced view articulated by a critic practicing in what is, despite its appearance as the country with the thinking man's brand of communism, a totalitarian state. This uncompromising awareness enables Kott to probe the subtleties of a play like *Troilus and Cressida* in a manner particularly attractive to a Western reader:

> Troilus and Cressida *is from the outset a modern play, a sneering political pamphlet. Troy was Spain, the Greeks were the English. The war went on for a long time after the defeat of the Invincible Armada, and the end was not in sight.*

Here the insistence upon Shakespeare's modernity is superimposed upon the historical consciousness evident within the play without doing violence to either. The author does not suppose that "Troy was Spain," he insists upon it. Kott's attempt to render this play comprehensibly to his time is the critical analogue of the way existential ethics call for the assumption of responsibility.

The ideological confrontation of our time has been between the systems of Marx and Freud. The one insisting upon the ethos of history and progress, the other tragic in the ultimate sense because of its insistence upon individual guilt played out within man's interminable subconscious. To follow Marx leads ultimately to the

Oswald LeWinter, author of Shakespeare in Europe *(World) is a widely published poet, who is presently touring Central and Eastern Europe lecturing on Shakespeare.*

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festive conclusion of comedy. The Freudian view finds its finest expression in naturalistic tragedy. Existentialism is in the tradition of both orthodoxies. Where but from Freud does the insistence upon individual awareness emanate? Nor do we need to look further than Marx for the ethical demand for individual action within a social framework. However, existentialism's latest literary manifestations, of which Ionesco's prefaces are a good example, have jettisoned the last "vulgar teleology" which is implicit in the work of Marcel and Sartre. Thus Kott finds in Shakespeare a theatre of the grotesque that has much in common with that of such dramatists as Beckett, Ionesco and Genet.

Kott's conviction transcends any simplistic adumbration of these tenets. For this reason I feel that he will prove to be as influential as Goethe. Shakespearean criticism until now has been unable to shake off the romantic view of the tragic hero in Shakespeare first articulated by Herder and espoused by Goethe with such fervor. Kott offers us a Hamlet and a Lear, a Richard of Gloucester and a Macbeth, who are beyond doubt not anti-romantic or post-romantic, but something new and different. They are not reduced to "authenticity" as in Granville-Barker, or made the focal points for Christian allegory as in Danby, but stand revealed as inhabitants of a world in which: "The grotesque mocks the historical absolute, as it has mocked the absolutes of gods, nature and destiny" and where: "History will first of all disgrace them and then will cut off their heads." This is not the historicism of Hegel; these are not men who have come too late. Neither is it the historicism of Marx whose heroes anticipate their times. These are protagonists who exist in whatever period an indescribable flux has deposited them, and who act not from purpose, although a purpose can be rationalized (*"Troilus and Cressida*—Amazing and Modern"), but because they are figures caught within the workings of the "Grand Mechanism" that is history. And in Shakespeare:

> *History unfolds on the stage, but it is never merely enacted. It is not a background or a setting. It is itself the protagonist of the tragedy.*

And the "dramas of John, the Henrys and the Richards," are finally less dramatic and of less consequence than the "greatest drama" which "consists in the workings of the Grand Mechanism." But this does not mean that there are no choices or that it is not necessary to know what they are and why one is making them. As Kott points out in the essay on *Troilus:*

> *In no other play of Shakespeare's, perhaps, do the characters analyze themselves and the world quite so violently and passionately.* They want to choose in full awareness *(reviewer's emphasis).*

This is equally true for Hamlet, Macbeth and the two Richards.

There are, of course, moments when his insistence upon Shakespeare's modernity leads him to questionable statements as in the essay on *Richard III,* where he claims:

> *Shakespearean tragedy, unlike ancient tragedies, is not a drama of moral attitudes in the face of the immortal gods; there is no fate which decides the hero's destiny.*

No matter how absurd a world we see in *Hamlet,* it is impossible to ignore, as Kott's assertion does, that cry of resignation in Act V:

> *There's a divinity that shapes our ends,*
> *Rough-hew them how we will.*

Neither is it possible to ignore, in *The Winter's Tale,* Hermione's "if powers divine behold our human actions," despite our conviction that the world of that comedy is finally as aimless as Perdita's rudderless boat. It is precisely Kott's contention that Shakespeare is not to be pinned down to any single orthodoxy, or even any cluster of heterodoxies that should make such reductive assertions impossible.

In these ten essays Kott deals with less than a dozen plays, but his generalizations draw into focus at least a dozen others. Two must be considered masterpieces from a critical as well as from a literary standpoint. "Coriolanus or Shakespearean Contradictions" destroys the prevailing view of this play as a monodrama with an irrefutable brilliance. And in *King Lear* or *End Game* Kott's method finds the perfect subject.

Anyone who saw the recent performance of *King Lear* by The Royal Shakespeare Company with Paul Scofield will recognize the essay as the source of that extraordinary production. Kott begins with a brief history of attitudes toward Shakespeare's *Lear* as deduced from a history of its productions. He reveals at one and the same time the limitations of various views as a modern interpretation, the right of every age to read *Lear* on its own terms as has actually been the practice, and the necessity for a modern reading that will make *Lear* comprehensible. As he points out:

> *Producers have found it virtually impossible to cope with the plot of* King Lear. *When realistically treated, Lear and Gloucester were too ridiculous to appear tragic heroes. If the exposition was treated as a fairy tale or legend, the cruelty of Shakespeare's world, too, became unreal. Yet the cruelty of* Lear *was to the Elizabethans a contemporary reality, and has remained real since. But it is a philosophical cruelty. Neither the romantic, nor the naturalistic theatre was able to show that sort of cruelty; only the new theatre can. In this new theatre there are no characters, and the tragic element has been superseded by grotesque. Grotesque is more real than tragedy.*

In defining the grotesque world as one in which "situations are imposed, compulsory and inescapable," he leaves me with some doubts as to how this is basically different from a naturalistic view. But in the larger matter of the play's structure of meaning as theatre of the grotesque, Kott is superb. As he is, too, in insisting that the focal point of a modern reading of the play must be the Fool:

"Deeply serious and wise"*

FOREIGN AND OTHER AFFAIRS

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When established values have been overthrown, and there is no appeal, to God, Nature, or History, from the tortures inflicted by the cruel world, the clown becomes the central figure in the theatre. He accompanies the exiled trio—the king, the nobleman and his son—on their cruel wanderings through the cold endless night which has fallen on the world; through the "cold night" which in Shakespeare's King Lear *"will turn us all to fools and madmen."*

This is precisely the point at which the historicism of Marx is left behind: the point at which the earlier recognition that

In Shakespeare's world there is a contradiction between the order of action and the moral order. This contradiction is fate. One cannot get away from it.

is fully earned. For modern drama is not tragic but grotesque, although it exists in a tragic world. Yet both tragedy and the grotesque hold the same vision of that world; a vision of the absolute, the "Grand Mechanism," where

The downfall of the tragic hero is a confirmation and recognition of the absolute . . . the downfall of the grotesque actor means mockery of the absolute and its desecration.

This is the crux of Kott's view. All previous criticism of Shakespeare focused on the "tragic hero" not on the *grotesque actor.* Lear had an "inner conflict" and fell from the pinnacle to the abyss of an ordered world, as Tillyard insisted. But Kott's Lear is a male Mother Courage and the point of it all is never in his gut, but in his aimless journey across the tragic landscape. There is no ultimate order; only a gigantic joke. Lear is a Fool. Gloucester is a Fool. We are all the fools of a history that has no eschatology. That is why "the grotesque offers no consolation whatsoever."

Moving at a pace that leaves the reader little time for doubt, this breath-taking book reminds us that we live in a world that has finally become the equivalent of the stark world of Shakespearean tragedy; that the reality for which these dramas are paradigms has actually come to pass.

Dark Lorelei

SELECTED POEMS. By Stevie Smith. New Directions. 120 pp. $1.50 paper.

W. K. Rose

Readers of Stevie Smith's *Selected Poems* will very likely think first of that line of English nonsense moralists and mock balladeers that passed through Lear and Belloc to modern descendants like Edith Sitwell and William Plomer. The poet's drawings, sprinkled pixily over the pages, strengthen this impression. Actually, Miss Smith comes more clearly into focus if one thinks of her as heiress to the romantic poets of her sex. Obsessed, fantastic, despairing, as often witty as trivial, her verse is illumined by the light of, say, Christina Rossetti or Emily Brontë. Her kinship with the latter emerges at times in an astonishing closeness. Here is Emily:

I am the only being whose doom
No tongue would ask, no eye would mourn
I never caused a thought of gloom
A smile of joy, since I was born.

And Miss Smith:

"Poor Soul, poor Girl!"
(A Debutante)

I cannot imagine anything nicer
Than to be struck by lightning and killed suddenly crossing a field
As if somebody cared.
Nobody cares whether I am alive or dead.

Or again Emily (in "Tell me, tell me, smiling child"):

And what is the future, happy one?
'A sea beneath a cloudless sun;
A mighty, glorious, dazzling sea
Stretching into infinity.'

And Miss Smith (in "The Heavenly City"):

I sigh for the heavenly country,
Where the heavenly people pass,
And the sea is as quiet as a mirror
Of beautiful beautiful glass.

As with her female forebears—that other Emily, the American cousin, included—Stevie Smith's subjects are chiefly God, Love (unrequited and therefore inducing isolation) and Death. Like them she pierces deepest when these abstractions coalesce:

Love is not love that wounded bleeds
And bleeding sullies slow.
Come death within my hands and I
Unto my love will go.

It would be unfair to ride these historical alliances too hard. Miss Smith is definitely of our time. Her religion is twisted by doubt:

If I lie down on my bed I must be here
But if I lie down in my grave I may be elsewhere.

As often as not she preaches impertinently:

"God Speaks"

I made Man with too many faults.
Yet I love him. . . .
I should like him to be happy.
I am genial.
He should not paint me as if I were abominable.

More than her thoughts, the poet's way is modern. As the quotations show, she plays fast and loose with prosody, ranging from tight, metronomic little structures to the boneless, nonstop sequences of daily speech. The latter may be knocked into shape by close, often clever, rhyming. When they're not, they remind one of Lawrence, at his best and worst. Coming at the end of a well-built and amiably rhymed poem ("Parents"), this line

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profits from its cumbersomeness: "Oh to become sensible about social advance at seventeen is to be lost." But to begin,

Why are the clergy of the Church
of England
Always altering the words of the
prayers in the Prayer Book?

is another matter. It should be said that many of the poems in this style gain enormously by being read aloud. (Miss Smith's "Fafnir and the Knights," by the way, recalls Lawrence's "Snake," carrying a similar nostalgia for a golden time or place.)

Above all, the poet's irony sounds the modern note. In most of her best poems one is charmed by the interplay of sophisticated contemporary woman and candid, wide-eyed innocent. In some delightful poems the effect is of a between-wars kind of brightness pervasively corroded, as if Lorelei (genus Loos) were trapped on her own rock. Even when the poem seems wholly guileless, one senses the presence of an undisclosed other side.

Too much irony can limit the poet and bore the reader. Given Miss Smith's narrow range of subject, one is impressed by the variety of effects among her most successful poems where the fears and frustrations that beset us all are rendered poignant, biting and funny by the poet's through-the-looking-glass imagination and her sharp, simple diction.

"I Remember"

It was my bridal night I remember
An old man of seventy-three
I lay with my young bride in my
arms,
A girl with t. b.
It was wartime, and overhead
The Germans were making a
particularly heavy raid on
Hampstead.
What rendered the confusion worse,
perversely
Our bombers had chosen that
moment to set out for Germany.
Harry, do they ever collide?
I do not think it has ever happened,
Oh my bride, my bride.

The contents of *Selected Poems* cover an output of about thirty years; they are taken from a number of volumes, none of which has appeared in the United States. It is high time Stevie Smith's voice—urbane, disarming, uniquely her own—was heard in our land.

W. K. Rose edited The Letters of Wyndham Lewis *(New Directions) and is presently doing a study of the* avant-garde *in London between 1910 and 1920.*

Panelizing Dissent

Kenneth Rexroth

Between August 5-9, 1964, at Asilomar, a conference camp on the forested shore of Monterey Bay, operated by the California State Parks under the auspices of the Letters and Science Extension, Special Programs of the University of California, and under the general management of Herbert Hill, Labor Secretary of the NAACP, there was held a conference on the Negro Writer in the United States. About 200 people attended as audience. There must have been some thirty representatives of the press, and ten people gave speeches and led discussions—Arna Bontemps, Gwendolyn Brooks, Horace Cayton, LeRoi Jones, Saunders Redding, Ossie Davis, Nat Hentoff, Harvey Swados, Robert Bone, Herbert Hill. James Baldwin and Ralph Ellison were scheduled, but canceled their engagements. Juridically speaking, the affair was a summer-school course of the University of California. There were a few scholarships and the press representatives paid only

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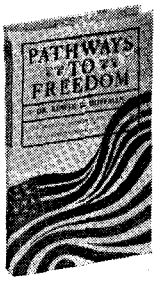

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their board. Otherwise, the audience paid $100 for tuition, board and room. The discussion leaders were transported across the country and received the usual fees for such appearances.

I have given you these vital statistics because they are really more important than anything said at the conference. They clearly demonstrate what has become a characteristic social mechanism—the institutionalization of dissent and revolt. All of us with gray hair, who were in this thing way back when, can remember hitchhiking, riding freights or struggling across the country in packed collapsing jalopies to meetings concerned with what, on the face of it, seemed to be the same problem. We slept on one another's floors; we kept going through the day on coffee and doughnuts; we quarreled violently about art and politics, form and content, and were buffeted on one side by the cops and on the other side by the Apparatchiks. Today, Malcolm X is invited to address executive seminars at Shangri-Las nestled in the snow-clad Rockies. We are all indulged rebels if we are not allowed clowns. In fact, indulgence hastens to anticipate rebellion. All you have to do nowadays is begin to growl and somebody in a pin-striped suit with real buttonholes on the cuffs shows up with a fistful of foundation money.

Does it mean anything? Harlem gets catastrophically worse and worse by the second; goon squads seize the party of the Great Emancipator, while representatives of the State Department abuse the black bourgeoisie gathered in the conclave of the leading Negro Greek letter organization for their lack of militancy.

There was plenty of militancy at Asilomar. Meeting under the storm clouds of the nomination of Goldwater and the Harlem riots (which, everybody was too excited to point out, have a very obvious connection) the conference kept turning into a civil rights rally. Everybody tried to be as charismatic as possible. This was not Herb Hill's fault. NAACP or no, he tried to keep the people talking about writing. The only genuinely literary discussions occurred in brief interchanges after the papers on Ellison, Baldwin, Toomer and Wright, and they bore a chilly resemblance to the battles of the thirties over form and content and Art and the Masses. Just like the John Reed Club or the League of American Writers, most of the wordage was spent offering up dense clouds of verbal incense on the altars of Our Great Writers, a commendable but unilluminating ritual.

Stars of the show were LeRoi Jones, Horace Cayton and Ossie Davis. True, they talked about the problems of the Negro writer, but in general terms of moral exhortation. I have great respect for all three. I know that they are, in fact, concerned with all sorts of concrete problems and their work is much broader and deeper, and at the same time more pointed, than propaganda and protest literature, but that was not the effect of their talks. Partly, this was due to audience response and speaker projection. Put 250 Negroes and whites together in an auditorium today and you get a civil rights rally, willy-nilly. The three programs that raised a genuine literary response from the audience were the poetry readings by Gwendolyn Brooks and LeRoi Jones, and Arna Bontemps' talk on Jean Toomer and the Harlem Renaissance. Gwendolyn Brooks's encores were a revelation to the whites in the audience. People obviously knew her work by heart, and called again and again for one favorite poem after another. LeRoi Jones stands at the opposite pole of American literature and Negro life, yet the audience was at least as attentive, and a number surprised me by requesting favorite poems. More remarkable, any attempt to create a literary antagonism or schism between Miss Brooks and Mr. Jones was fiercely resisted by ordinary people in the audience. This was not just "defending our own." It revealed a degree of understanding of how poetry works that would be very unlikely in an all-white audience.

More surprising was the response, especially on the part of young people and especially the more militant and even hostile ones, to Arna Bontemps' talk. When he finished, a forest of hands went up. Everybody wanted to know more about the legendary figures of Harlem's golden age, and everybody wanted to discuss the spiritual and literary problems of a very great writer, almost certainly the greatest Negro writer up to his time who had, for religious mystical reasons rather than racial ones, long ago renounced both his race and literature. Most of them had never heard of him, but they certainly wanted to hear more. And I—who had known Jean when we and the century were young and we were full of hope that the world would completely change, and who knew he was lying on a sick bed from which he well might never rise—wondered what he would have thought about it all. His name certainly came to life. If nothing else comes out of the conference but some publisher's curiosity which leads to a

Description of a Process

On the old house,
the childhood home,
the roof was constructed with half-pipes lined to the eaves
for the rain to run its own river down the whole pipe
sealed onto the eastern corner of the house from the
edge of the slant to a barrel set on the ground
for collecting part of our water supply.

Inside the house,
the childhood home, we listened
to the quick storms as long as we could,
running at last through the door and
out to the water pouring over the gulleys streaking
the sides splashing over the barrel O breaking the
burning August shouting to each other dipping
our heads and hands — old picture on my mind!

drink deeply then I say
this is the sweetest water anyone ever tasted.

E. F. Weisslitz

Intimation

Looking back moonstruck
this freezing night turned
I the wrong street
down
one and two and three I
never saw before; yet
followed the familiar light . . .

say o winter night do the
beams shine the same down

all places cold?

E. F. Weisslitz

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reprinting of his works, it will certainly have succeeded beyond expectations.

A lot of things were not discussed on the platform. Teachers were irate about the taking over of the desegregation of textbooks by the educators' educators: the castration of Negro history; the new friend who has entered the circle of Dick, Sally, Jane, Fluff, Toodles and now a little light-brown Sambo with his middle-class father, his middle-class mother and his middle-class dog. Poor little guy, they didn't even have the decency to give him a liver-spotted hound, just another Scotty.

The young radical Bohemians, with their unstraightened hair and their secularized Black Muslimism, put the whole thing down as a Tom show cooked up by the white devils. The Freedom Now people objected to the lack of program. The more orthodox Marxists objected even more to lack of program, fuzziness of thinking and to the racialism. Certainly, there was no better way to get a big hand from the mixed audience than to give whitey a verbal kicking around. Everytime anybody said, "I hate all white men," all the white women in the audience applauded vociferously.

Here and there among the audience however, were quiet, dignified young people, their faces marked by meditation and strength. Most of them were quite dark, although there was one who would not have been considered a Negro in any other country of the world but this. They were the young writers from the South. They asked the most trenchant questions. They always deflated the demagogy. They always rose to challenge the self-pity and to "abreact" the neurotic abuse of whites. None of the Northerners, for all their perfervid militancy, lived in Harlem or in any Negro ghetto. The Southerners came from a world which is every hour on the hour more dangerous than Harlem at the height of the recent riots. They had been, without exception, spending the summer acting militantly at the point of production, so to speak, and usually most inconspicuously. I think they enjoyed themselves. It's always nice to meet a lot of people in the flesh you've only read about. In fact, it can be quite educative. I don't think they were swept off their feet.

Kenneth Rexroth is a frequent Nation *contributor. His most recent book is* Natural Numbers: Selected Poems (*New Directions*).

LETTER from LONDON

Charles Marowitz

With the same driving inevitability that the Goldwater image has insinuated itself into American consciousness, Happenings are beginning to take hold in England.

The Happening movement (which already implies more order and consistency than in fact exists) started around 1958—instigated by the example of composer John Cage, and to an extent, inspired by the theories of Antonin Artaud. Alan Kaprow coined the word for his first "happening" in Chicago. It was also Kaprow who was behind the somewhat abortive "happening" at Au Bon Marché department store during the Paris Theatre Festival three years ago. Each "happener" gives his "events" a personal slant, but in most cases the object is to refresh the senses of sight and sound by exposing them to (1) familiar actions in extraordinary contexts or (2) extraordinary actions in familiar contexts. When the end is not purely aesthetic, it may be social or political. In most cases, the "shock of awareness" is a pivotal factor.

The first foray was at last year's Edinburgh Conference on Drama. Repelled by the hoopla and egotism of the discussions, Ken Dewey, a young American, mounted the first full-fledged Happening to achieve notoriety in England. It was a legitimate attempt to express through sound, space and action, the antipathies aroused by the larger pomposities of that five-day talkathon. The stodgy environment itself was exploited. A number of events — all "happening" at once — included a rigged dispute between Carrol Baker and Alan Kaprow, an itinerant bagpiper, a series of overhead disturbances including students bellowing from the skylights, a tape recording so edited that it played back the most banal comments from the weeks' discussions and, of course, the nude — an artist's model wheeled on a trolley across the balcony of McKewan Hall.

The Drama Conference had been discussing the Theatre of the Future. The majority reaction to Dewey's display was blustering indignation. Chairman Kenneth Tynan, blood pressure technicoloring his cheeks, called it "apocalyptic" and "totalitarian"; most of the continental delegates deplored it. Martin Esslin, finding an affinity with the Theatre of the Absurd, pointed out that if nothing else it compelled the spectators to distinguish between what was real and what simulated and was, therefore, healthy. A few people like Joan Littlewood instinctively approved and rightly admonished the squares for taking such an exaggerated moral stand on what, after all, was only an organized spoof.

The papers were interested only in the nude. The next day, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, speaking as Protector of National Virtues, said: "It is a very great pity, indeed, in a way it is quite a tragedy, that three weeks of glorious festival should have been smeared by a piece of pointless vulgarity. I am advised that the incident can be technically described as a 'happening.' As a mishap it might have been explained away; as a planned 'happening' there can be no explanation or excuse." In the finest tradition of the old tragedians, the Lord Provost concluded: "I have faith in the drama today and I have faith in the drama of the future. I do not contemplate surrendering to the irresponsible actions of a few people sick in mind and heart!" (Curtain. Applause. Tableau.) Subsequently, a court action brought against John Calder, the conference organizer, was thrown out, and a later survey dis-

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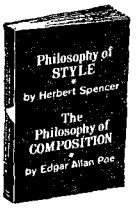

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closed that the whole affair was a plot hatched by Moral Re-Armament to keep Scotland scrupulous and, in passing, blacken the Edinburgh Festival.

After Edinburgh, Happenings, the word if not the concept, had arrived. Abortive small-scale happenings (what the Lord Provost might call "minor mishaps") were presented in out-of-the-way places like Liverpool and Bristol, but the first authentic London Happening was imported from France by Michael White, a young English impresario. In 1963, Jean-Jacques Lebel had organized a Festival of Free Expression in Paris which featured "events" from different countries. A potted and amended version of this program was performed a few weeks ago in a hired hall near Victoria Station. After the first performance, the Happening was banned — not by the police or the Lord Chamberlain but by the caretaker of the hall whose wife had encountered nude girls washing paint off their bodies in the ladies' toilet. The committee which runs the hall was quickly summoned and a graphic, undoubtedly exaggerated, report of the incident was made. The second performance was canceled. Taking this as a blow against "free expression," Lebel, White and the other Happeners staged a protest outside the banned premises. Half a dozen boys and girls wearing adhesive tapes over their mouths and giving away old shoes to passers-by (a Dadaist protest if there ever was one!) milled about outside until the demonic caretaker summoned the police. At the sight of two cops lumbering toward them the Happeners quickly got the message and, unbidden, began picking up their shoes and posters. A highly unspectacular street-corner conversation between the bobbies and the beatniks ended with the Happeners repairing to a nearby pub to exult in their "victory" over the forces of oppression.

The press coverage was again unsympathetic. *The Sunday Times*, the week before, had been snide and facetious, and the *Daily Express*, after the event, was downright hostile — and, as usual, one-sided, having obtained all their facts from the surly caretaker.

To most people in England, Happenings are college pranks that feature nudes. To a few (painters take them very seriously) they are the natural extension of action-painting, and the art of the future. Earlier this year, the Rauschenberg exhibit had an enormous impact in London, and the Rauschenberg, John Cage, Merce Cunningham ballets have had to extend their run because of the interest. In Kinross, John Calder recently organized a dramatic and musical entertainment billed as a Happening with Robert Burns and William Shakespeare. There is at least one Happening-type show planned for this year's Edinburgh Festival and Michael White has been talking about another series of "events" in London—although his complaint is that prejudice is so strong it is difficult to obtain premises.

The fascination for Happenings here is symptomatic of a widespread artistic discontent. The great wail in the theatre is that the New Wave has dried up, that formula plays become progressively more boring, and that television does it all so much better. In painting, the really extraordinary things are happening beyond the canvas in the sphere of constructs, collages and *art mecanique;* in films, the conventional big-studio methods produce only "commodities" and so *cinema verité* is being championed everywhere and emerging in the unlikeliest places. The Beatles' first film, *A Hard Day's Night*, has been directed by Richard Lester, with more than a little of the Maysles brothers' influence. Even in staid old TV, there is rebellion brewing, and recently in *Encore Magazine* Troy Kennedy-Martin (who created "Z-Cars," the leading detective serial) forcefully put the case for a new anti-naturalist style in television drama.

The Happenings' spirit is making things start to happen in all media, and lots of people here believe it is about time.

Charles Marowitz, the overseas drama critic for The Village Voice, *is director of In-Stage, an experimental theatre in London, and one of the editors of* Encore Magazine.

Forthcoming Reviews and Essays

George Elliott on Sartre
John Houseman on Chaplin
Lincoln Bloomfield on Dag Hammarskjold
Captain Edward L. Beach on General MacArthur
Hayden Carruth on Theodore Roethke
Robert Theobald on the "Technological Society"

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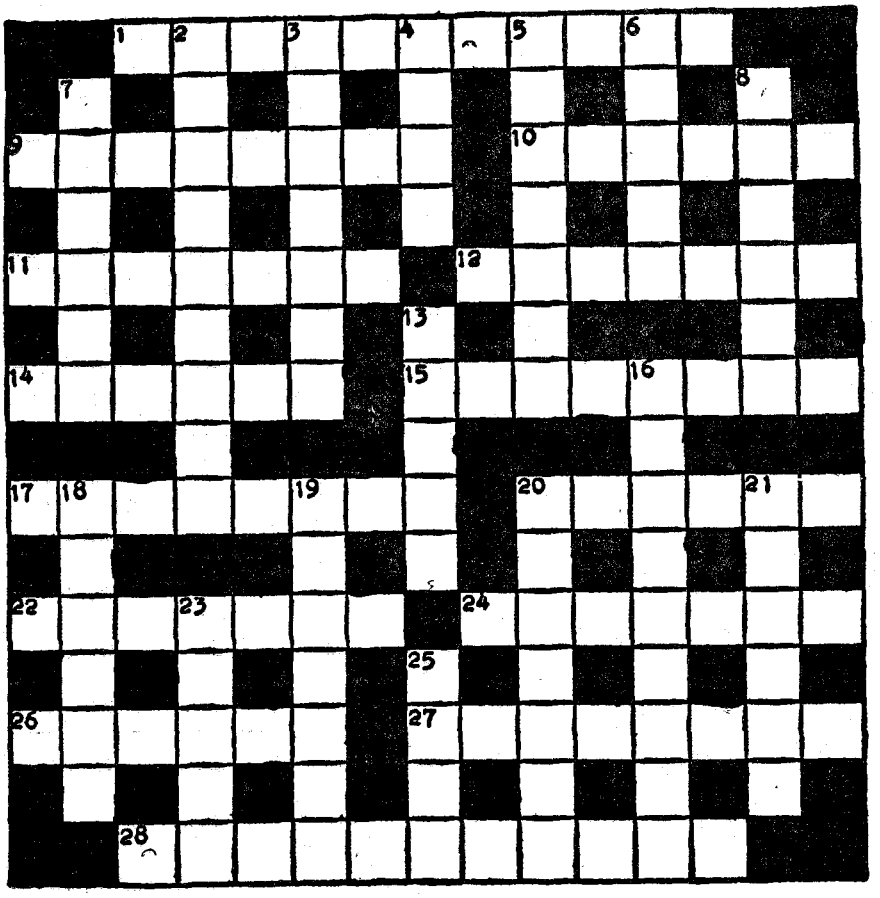
Crossword Puzzle No. 1070

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Not very social climbers! (11)
9 A pest happens to be in the shade. (8)
10 She was the subject of an old prisoner's song, blending the end of 26 with the first half of 17. (6)
11 Reputedly one's fall is marked from above. (7)
12 It is in fashion to be on top of the column. (7)
14 One might pursue 11, if not a good speller. (6)
15 Puts in to position where the horses are kept. (8)
17 and 27 across Said to be a good time — and 39 when he died. (3, 3, 2, 8)
20 Extract the essence in time for Christmas and Halloween, shortly. (6)
22 Seems to be a very soft essential for the audience. (7)
24 The Platonic school of philosophy. (7)
26 Is it common in 2 down? (6)
27 See 17 across
28 Though possibly late, it met us in the distance. (7, 4)

DOWN:

2 If anyone can make capital of it, is Yogi able to? (9)
3 He once started out with a score of four. (7)
4 Does it wind up with a dirty look? (4)
5 This war supposedly portended the death of people. (7)
6 Carnivore of later origin. (5)
7 and 8 Compliant, and yet brainy in addition. (12)
13 Proving certain aspects of swing are synonymous with Africans. (5)
16 Relating to such as Ferdinand? (9)
18 Chance. (6)
19 They are supposed to get so, when people are talking about you out of it. (7)
20 20 across' first time getting nothing to drink causes the proper behavior. (7)
21 Curried? Lorelei did for a long time. (6)
23 Does it show brilliance to have such a large number in to dine? (5)
25 Blows up a mild storm, domestically speaking. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1069

ACROSS: 1 Longstreet; 6 Abed; 10 Artemis; 11 Frigate; 12 In re; 13 Blockheads; 15 and 24 Galley slave; 16 Sit down; 17 Refrain; 20 Benares; 22 Idealistic; 23 Olla; 25 Lactose; 26 Gracchi; 27 Sash; 28 Stephenson.
DOWN: 1 Leading articles; 2 Natural; 3 Sump; 4 Rustles; 5 Effects; 7 Bravado; 8 Dressing station; 9 Withstand; 14 Medallion; 18 Fleeces; 19 Nascent; 20 Bring up; 21 Relicts.

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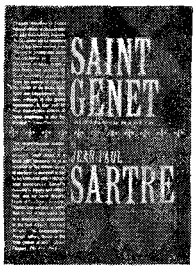

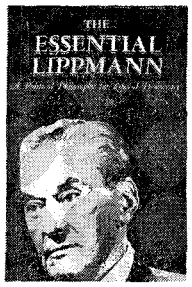

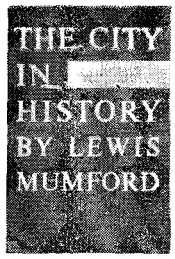

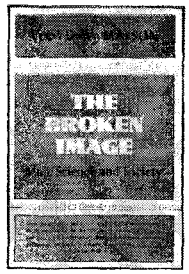

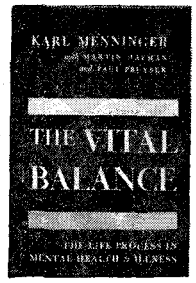

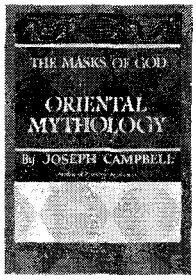

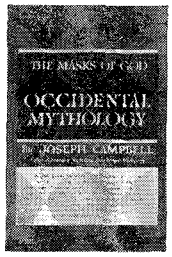

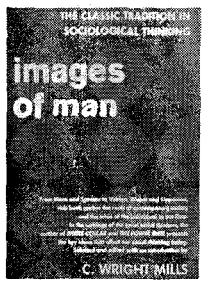

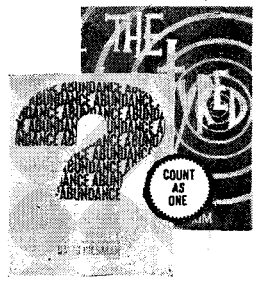

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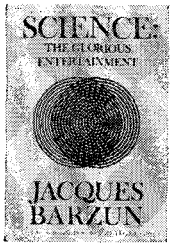

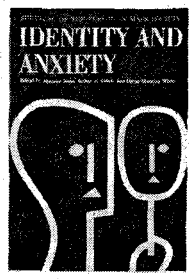

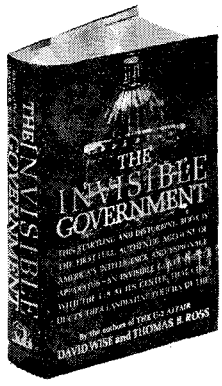

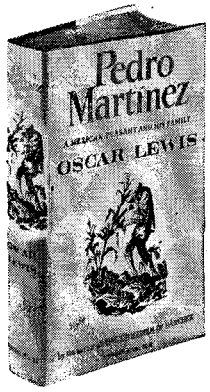

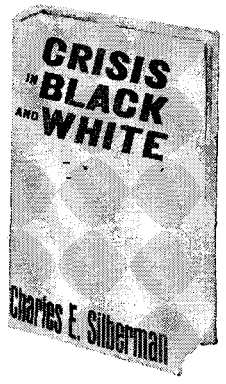

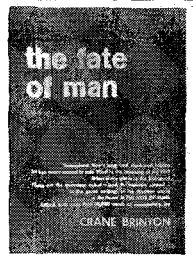

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